

III

(The SAN⁷YASi is seen, sitting
upon a
boulder in a mountain
path. A
shepherd boy passes by,
singing.)

THE SONG

Do not turn away your face,
my love,
The spring has bared open its
breast.
The flowers breathe their
secrets in
the dark.
The rustle of the forest
leaves comes
across the sky.
Like the sobs of the night.
Come, love, show me your face.

Sanyasi

The gold of the evening is
melting
In the heart of the blue sea.
The
forest, on the hillside, is
drinking the